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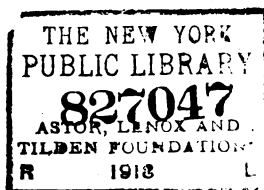
# THE WORLD AND THE WATERS

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THE QUEEN'S WORK PRESS  
ST. LOUIS, MO.

1918

M. Sm.



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RECEIVED  
JULY  
1918

## TO THE VIRGIN MARY.

*Indeed 'twere very vain  
Within the portals of this book to write  
Unto whose love each page is dedicate,  
When all my little deeds, with longing great,  
Long since, dear Lady, to thy pitying sight  
All consecrate remain.  
As the world's waters hurry to the sea,  
So this is owed to thee.*

*And as the sea unto its breast receives  
Each tiniest rill, and gives it to the sky  
Sublimed and purified, I meekly plead  
That, as I lift this shallop shell on high,  
Brimmed with sweet waters, thou unto my need—  
Who to my prayer dost ever make reply—  
Mayst take the gift, and, ere its sweetness run,  
Commend the lowly giver to thy Son.*

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Some of the selections included in the present volume have appeared in the "Catholic World," the "Ave Maria," and other magazines, sometimes under pen-names. Acknowledgments are made to the Editors for the kind permission to print poems to which they hold the copyright.



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# HILLS AND THE WAVES





## DEEP WATERS

**T**HERE is a joy  
In bursting spring, a rapture in the cool  
Of dewy morning, an abiding peace  
In clouds of silent even, that the soul  
Drinks through the bodily eye, yet drinks alone.  
A spiritual draught that not the light  
Of sparkling meadows doth afford, nor breath  
Of waking breezes, nor the violet shades  
Of peaceful night. 'Tis that the thirsty soul,  
Piercing the dry and outer forms of things,  
Sinks to the secret springs, and, drinking deep,  
Knows the sweet flavors of God's presence there.  
So can these fragile words, if thou hast e'er  
Tasted those fountains, rouse again thy thirst,  
And pour thee once again in rills of thought  
The subtle sweetnesses of Spring, Dawn, Eve.  
For lo, the waters ever are the same,  
Yet flow in various channels, oft renewed!

## THE VOICE OF CREATURES

**O**H, wonder of the commonest things of God!  
The lowliest of His works can startle thought  
Beyond pursuit of words. A power as vast  
Dances yon dust-mote whirling in the ray  
As stirs the star-dust o'er us. Every touch  
Of timid green that bids young Spring good-morn  
Hath in its juicy veins life's miracle. The sun

That veils his western fires is not so strange  
As the dim worm his swift declining gleam  
Sees glittering in the grass. Far swung aloft  
The swallows circle in their evening skies—  
Who bears them, freed from earth? Oh, in the deep  
Of yonder melting clouds, and in the far  
Pure fields of air, and in the quiet world,  
The answer sings and murmurs to mine ears,  
With voice of winds and birds and leafy groves;  
Soft, whispering accents, clear to him who lists,  
Chorus eternal, "Praise our maker, God!"

## THE SUMMER RAIN

A SWEET-BREATHED south wind, fresh with  
distant rain,  
Herds the black-shadowed clouds across the blue,  
Swift mottles o'er the meadows' sunny hue,  
And sways the summits of the burnished grain.  
The weary trees heave their huge breasts and sigh  
A deep relief, and wave in courtly kind  
Their stately greetings to the gentle wind,  
And whisper thankful as he murmurs by.  
How swift the huddling clouds obscure the light!  
And raindrops tinkle on the dusty world,  
And on the glaring edges of the hills  
The weaving showers spread their fringes slight,  
Till soft the waving curtain, onward whirled,  
Hides the fair scene, and all the distance fills.

## NIAGARA

**G**OD, in His ages past the dawn of days,  
Writ one white line of praise,  
Which now, in this great stress and hour of need,  
I bend my soul to read.  
I break the sullen bonds of wearying time,  
And with one leap sublime  
Force my astounded soul go back and stand  
In the primeval land.

The tresses of the ancient flood are kissed  
With virginal white mist.  
The same soft, thunderous sound  
Thrills the wild woods around;  
But O the vast and mighty peace that broods  
On these green solitudes,  
Where the great land, with one tremendous tone,  
Litanies to God, alone!

Tongue of the continent! Thou whose hymning  
shakes  
The bosom of the lakes!  
O sacrificial torrent, keen and bright,  
Hurled from thy glorious height!  
Thou sacerdotal presence, clothed in power,  
At once the victim and the white-robed priest,  
Whose praise throughout these ages hath not ceased,  
Whose altar steams with incense every hour!

Lo, in all days, from thy white waters rise  
The savors of perpetual sacrifice!  
I see—pale prophecy of Christ's dear blood—  
The transubstantiation of thy flood!

O the wild wonder of the vast emotion  
Of the perturbed wave,  
That cries and wanders like the fearful ocean,  
Seeking, with none to save!  
In their wide agony the rapids roam,  
A world of waves, a universe of pain,  
The vexed, tumultuous clamor of their foam  
Crying to God with agonized refrain  
Where the sad rocks their quivering summits hide  
In the loud anguish of the reflux tide.

Yet, with a willingness that leaps to sorrow,  
Swift run the ragged surges to the height,  
And from their pain is born a pure delight—  
The fear today, the snowy peace tomorrow.  
Cleaving like darts their fleet and silvery way,  
With sudden gleams and barbs of glittering spray  
They hurry to the brink, and swift are lost  
In that stupendous leap, that infinite holocaust.

O Christlike glory of the praying water  
That leaps forever to its mystic death!  
And from the anguish of that sobbing slaughter

Lifts the clear glory of the torrent's breath  
Where, like a paean of rapturous victory, calls  
The solemn jubilation of the falls!

O glory-vestured priest, thy splendor spraying  
More lasting than the immemorial hills!  
O monument of waves, O undecaying,  
While God's right hand thy flowing chalice fills!  
Under the transient world's astonished eyes  
Thou offerest abiding sacrifice.

In the pale morning, when the rising sun  
Flatters thy pouring flood with slanting beams,  
Most reverent thy duteous waters run,  
And hymn to God with all their thousand streams.

And in the blazing majesty of noon  
Still lifts thy wave its sacrificial tune,  
And spills, like jewels of some Eastern story,  
Its bright impetuous avalanche of glory.  
And in the stilly spaces of the night,  
While heaven wonders with its wakeful stars,  
Thou prayest still, beneath the solemn light,  
In booming tones that reach to heaven's bars,  
Keeping thy vigils, while the angelic moon  
Walks on thy perilous verge with glorious shoon,  
Chanting from foam and spray withouten cease  
Thy yearning immemorial prayer for peace.

*Niagara Falls, July 3d, 1917.*

## THE RAINBOW

**W**HEN that sabbatic stillness after rain  
    Encharmed the leaves, so that their voice  
        was still,  
And the pale glory that the storm-cloud leaves,  
    After its glooms, lay soft on byre and hill,  
Some angel built a luminous arch, that high  
Leaped from the earth, swung its bright roof to sky,  
And, with consummate light and roundness, then  
Fell with soft curvings to the world again:  
    Like that Incarnate Word, the Sign of Peace,  
    Who, lifted up for our sore sins' release,  
    Slew Adam's gloom with radiant sacrifice,  
    And, shining ever, joins the earth and skies.

## THE CHASM

**W**ITH light and shadow and His colors seven  
    God fills the earth with wonder and delight  
How leaps the glorious landscape to our sight!  
How fond and fair the tender hues of heaven!  
Thus doth His world in loveliest changes roll;  
Yet there are fairer spots, that livelier raise  
The marvelling heart to praise,  
And stir a loftier wonder in the soul.  
This is a vale of wonder, closed around  
From all profaning sound,  
A valley of delights, in whose calm deeps  
Primeval silence sleeps,

Save for the stream that murmurs lauds and prays  
Along its memoried ways,  
A cloistered river, from the world apart,  
With penitential peace and silence in its heart.

The noise of nations and their much endeavor  
Come never here; the sound and shouting die.  
The peaceful chanting of the wave forever  
Uplifts its quiet pleading to the sky;  
No clamor of the transient war intrudes  
On these calm deeps, these sun-drenched solitudes.

We wander on 'neath sunny cliffs asleep  
In conscious splendor, chequered gay with light.  
Their ridgy rocks a solemn gladness keep,  
And on the summit of the serried steep  
The clinging trees are dizzy with delight.

All's lovely. Yonder ferny filigree  
That clings in conscious beauty, perched alone,  
Is lovely as the foamy waves to me,  
The water is as lovely as the stone  
In solemn clefts and curious crannies riven,  
Where snowy flocks of fleecy foam are driven.

In the gashed bosoms of the cliffs remain  
The memories of old throes of fiery pain,  
Where in hot turmoils of the elder day  
Titanic swords scarred the stiff rocks for aye.  
God, from that elemental, swift distress,  
Hath built this vast, abiding loveliness!

And on the verges of this chasm olden  
Man picks his puny way with anxious care,  
By fickle stay and pigmy stairway holden  
Lest he go hurling through the sightless air.  
His skiffs go gingerly through vast abysses,  
His heart beats high with some confused delight;  
Waked to alternate dizzy fears and blisses,  
He feels the exaltation of the height.

I stand upon the cliffs and inly wonder  
How yon slight arrow of the darting stream  
Could cleave these stubborn heaps of stone asunder—  
Leaving the wound as lovely as a dream—  
And, with unerring aim and ceaseless motion,  
Keep its blind quest for the far-distant ocean!

Oh, in what ancient days, with long endeavor,  
It plucked with wounded fingers at the stone,  
Wearing its hard and tedious way alone,  
While watching ages sat and mocked forever!  
Yet it hath won this glorious bed, and sleeps  
In the desired sea's untroubled deeps!

See, O my soul, this yearning of the river  
Unwearying, desirous of the sea.  
With strong intent its crisping surges quiver,  
And all the waves in onward longing flee.  
So must the tide of all thy heart aspire  
Ceaseless to God, with weariless desire!

—*Ausable Chasm, N. Y., Aug. 21st, 1917.*



## BY APRIL WATERS

**H**ERE I do loiter by a stream—  
Ah, fresh and fair the April morn!—  
And watch the curving waters gleam,  
Quaint pictures, ripple-born.

O fresh and fair!—the souls of flowers  
Smell pleasant, lavished on the air.  
O fair the banks and greening bowers  
And blossoms—wondrous fair!

The larkspur of the purple bloom  
Nods gently to the gentle breeze;  
The clustered phlox-fire in the gloom  
Burns crimson 'neath the trees;

And all the ferny bank's alight  
With widely wondering violets' eyes,  
That marvel at the waters bright,  
And marvel at the skies.

And all the springing trees between,  
It glads my very heart to see  
What lavish heaps of gold and green  
On every bank there be!

Thou mirthful Wind that laughest low,  
Come, tell why all the world's bedight,  
So clear the bubbling waters flow,  
The woodland aisles so bright.

I love to question thus the Wind;  
And, list, he courteous whispers me  
In sighing accents, soft and kind:  
"Now, hark! I'll answer thee.

"Through all these eager April hours  
The wistful clouds hang warm and low  
And wash the world with dripping showers,  
And clear the streamlet's flow.

"The sunbeams pierce the misty days  
And gild the steaming fields with green,  
And pile o'er tangled waterways  
A golden blossom sheen.

"And soft the pleasant breezes blow;  
They steal the scented breath of flowers  
From all the silver blooms that snow  
The fragrant orchard bowers.

"O'er all the field of earth and sky  
They haste and spread a fair array.  
Dost marvel yet and wonder why?  
For Mary's month of May!

"The sparkling heavens shine her hue,  
And foamy clouds are scattered free  
To emblem on the liquid blue  
Her snowy purity.

“And virgin green the pastures spring,  
And gleams the rippling wheat away;  
And all the birds are blithe to sing  
The Lady of the May!”

Then low amid the scented fern  
I knelt me down—’twas sweet to see  
How all these April hours did yearn,  
O Mother-Maid, to thee!—

And there, beside the glassy wave,  
O fresh, O fair, O April day,  
With all the world my heart I gave  
The Lady of the May.

## UNAWARE

OUT of my window, slow and fair  
I see the pomp of spring prepare,  
Gently, and with a reverent air.  
And softly from the slumbering skies  
The waking lights of spring arise,  
The ancient joy, the old surprise.  
And slow upon the sleeping scene  
There steals a tenderest glow of green;  
Small, startled flowers awake between.  
Then—it is spring! So, suddenly,  
Our wintry clay shall wake to see  
Its death grown immortality.

## THE MEADOW-LARK

**O**H hear! Oh hark! The meadow-lark!  
A tiny silvern song,  
The bell of spring, o'er pale and park  
Sweet ringing clear and long,  
Frail as the timid flowers that blow  
By the wan banks of melting snow!  
Its voice from the brown furrow calls,  
Sweet as the earth-smell from its walls,  
Tiny and fresh as springing green,  
Gay as the runnel's glinting sheen,  
Caressing as the April wind,  
As wild, as playful, and as kind—  
A clear, a fine, and fitful sound  
That gives to all the woodlands round  
A vocal soul, to sound and sing  
The dumb exultings of the spring.

## RAINING

**T**HIS rain, which wavers to and fro  
In soft and dull and silent flow,  
Fringes the world with distant grey  
And steals the autumn's glow away.  
This sombre, still and constant rain,  
Weaving its fine web on the pane,  
Constrains my heart, that else would roam  
To keep the cosy airs of home.

The world this morn was overfair,  
My soul was lured to wander there;  
The glory of the autumn called  
From my small cabin sombre-walled.  
But now the woodlands, wet and cold,  
Shiver in coats of tarnished gold;  
And the chill showers, kindly sent,  
Have made my soul with home content.

## EN VOYAGE

**I**N pleasant state, with dreamy eye,  
I watch the mighty world go by.  
Swiftly the fallow fields unroll  
Their shining furrows like a scroll,  
The long hill's flank is greening over,  
The meadow wears a hint of clover,  
And little foolish lakes that lie  
Wink baby greetings to the sky.  
Sweet God! the skyey portals fling  
Wide open, and let fall the spring!

## AT GLOAMING

**T**HE timid stars come one by one,  
Like sheep that quit the fold.  
They fear the slow-departing sun,  
But, last, grown overbold,  
The scampering flocks in thousands rise,  
And throng the meadows of the skies.

## EARTH'S PRAYING

THE earth is chanting litanies,  
She says her antique chaplets over.  
Her beadsmen are the whispering trees,  
The droning bees above the clover.  
They fail not; ever and again  
They chant their prayers like holy men.

Earth fears not that the ears of God  
Will weary of her much repeating  
The million leaves, the myriad sod,  
They glint and sing the selfsame greeting.  
Their Father's heart, they fondly know,  
Can never dull nor weary grow!

## MIRRORS

THE waves, an everlasting sisterhood,  
On the great breast of ocean leap and die.  
Yet in its little life, a symbol good,  
Each lifts a tiny mirror to the sky.  
So must our moments, as they rise and pass,  
Reflect the Eternal's glory, like a glass.

## AN EARLY SONG

ALL on a misty afternoon,  
When winter mimicked spring,  
I heard a silly little bird  
A-practising to sing.

He tilted on a naked thorn  
And teased his trembling throat;  
Now piped too high, now fluted low,  
And tried each liquid note.

I stayed awhile, and heard with glee  
His sweet untimely tune:  
"The spring's not here, you foolish dear;  
You're far—oh, far too soon!  
'Tis only January now;  
My stars! You'd think 'twas June!"

He scanned me with a beady eye.  
Methought he fain would say:  
"This is a tiny piece of spring  
That chanced to go astray—

"A herald that the joyous time  
Is sweetly drawing near.  
'Tis time to sing the old songs o'er  
To please the woodland's ear!"

A pleasant thought, that poet-bird,  
That tiny, minstrel thing,  
Adrift upon the wintry wild  
And practising for spring!

## REMEMBERED

**T**HE meadow drank the showers,  
It blossomed pink and sweet.  
Through all the summer hours  
I heard it low repeat,  
With winds and bees in measure,  
Its soft, forgetful pleasure.

O'er the bright meadow blowing  
There came a drying gale.  
It sucked the sweetness flowing  
Through that enchanting vale.  
Then, parched, the thirsty sod,  
Aghast, remembered God.

## IN THE BOOK

**P**LEASANT meadows, dappled over  
With your wealth of summer clover,  
Ever more you gleam to me  
Like a book with open pages,  
Fit for simple men and sages,  
Saints and sinners, great and wee.

And the print within the book?  
Lake and river, vales and fountains,  
Marsh and meadow, dales and mountains,  
Whosoe'er will loving look,  
They can spell there and confess  
God's consummate tenderness.



## PRIMEVAL

**N**OW heaven and earth, and all their new array,  
Were perfect from the tedious hands of time.  
The stars stood gleaming newly, all the winds  
Were laden with fresh odors, mild and sweet—  
Breaths of an infant world. The glorious sun  
Rolled through the fleckless heavens blue and deep,  
The burnished setting of our perfect star.  
Here the deep forest, with ambrosial brows,  
Slept in the friendly noon. Unbounded rolled  
Gold meadows. From the breast of silent hills  
Fell their proud vesture of memorial trees.  
The deep lawns teemed with blossoms, and the world,  
Decked like a temple, trembled for its priest.

The fane was builded! From the throes of time,  
From swart and heavy chaos, from the vast  
Of nebulous darkness and the troubled heave  
Of the blind, vaporous dam that bare the world,  
Slow its firm bulk was rounded. Spiry hills  
Heaved from the mighty circle. Angry seas  
Learned their due bounds, and slow the fiery arch  
Cooled to a kindly freshness; stubborn stones

'Neath the soft fingers of unnumbered years  
Melted to fertile dust; and all the wild  
Exuberant firstlings of the wanton world—  
Reptilian marvels, mountain-hulks of things,  
Whose bones affright us, and the giant trees  
Whereon they fed, died duly, but to leave

Their wrecks to later man where he may gaze  
And guess the power of their shaper, God,  
Who kindly made and slew them. For the bulk  
Of these incongruous hulks came lovelier forms  
Of beasts and birds. There smiled the comelier  
world,

Full of all beauty, mild and hospitable;  
Its earth, its skies in all apparel meet  
To take its lord—and God beheld it good.

'Twas at the sunny summer morn in Eden.  
The land lay rich in splendor. Shimmering grain  
Gleamed glorious as a shield, the purpling vines  
Clomb loving o'er the oaks, the damask lawns  
Were spotted quaint with blossoms, big and dark  
Hung their rich fruitage of a thousand dyes  
On glorious orchards, wide the rivers four  
Poured their full tide of freshness through the land.

The flooding sunlight, with a winy sheen,  
Cheered the calm mountains, and the face of earth  
Was gilded with a mild, unconscious joy,  
A sweet, unreasoned, calm expectancy,  
A silence that was prayerful, loud to God.  
Then from the peak of heaven came down its King  
To crown creation. How the rite was done  
Tell, ye kind angels, who with wondering eye  
Saw the great deed consummate. First the Lord  
Took of the earth, that quivered at His touch,

Some wholesome clay, and made it to a man!  
So swift the deed that not the keenest glance  
Of gaze angelic caught the wondrous change,  
Though all the heavens watched with instancy.  
What had been clay—was Adam, sans his soul!

Then from God's bosom came creative breath,  
And woke a soul within him, and he stood  
Framed in the glow of manly innocence,  
Great as a giant, holy as a maid,  
Serene and fiery, gentle, pure, and strong;  
Silent, majestic, perfect, innocent,  
His broad commanding brow unseared by woe,  
New as a flower, perfect as a star;  
Consummate, soul and frame, no cankering ill  
In all his members, and his mighty mind  
Filled with a light of serviceable lore.

His tempered pulse was strong and calm, the flush  
Of perfect health upon him, sans the fire  
Of wayward passions and unseemly lust;  
No tainted ancestry, no curse of kind,  
No pang of old remorseful memories;—  
A man, the model of consummate man,  
First-born of men from out the hands of God!  
Then his clear eyes possessed the servient world,  
Leaped to the glittering heavens, comprised the stars,  
Lingered upon the distant scenes and near,  
Sought out the least and greatest of his earth,

Like as an heir who but of late hath got  
The mastery of a proud inheritance  
Scans all his holdings with reposeful eye,  
Counting them three times lovely—for his own.

Thus stood new Adam conning o'er his world,  
Until his mind glowed with a pure delight  
And his great heart near brake with gratefulness.  
And lifting up his voice, an angel's tone,  
He sang a mighty paeon of gratitude,  
First hymn of all the world. The hollow sky  
Echoed the sound with joy; the silent hills,  
The voiceless valleys, inarticulate earth,  
Found a great Voice—creation praised its God!

## A PICTURE BOOK

The world is but a picture book.  
Across its vivid page we look,  
And see in every glowing line  
Hints of a Beauty all Divine.

# SEASONS AND FLOWERS



## INNOCENCE

**G**OD loves His world at every time,  
In every mood, 'neath every clime;  
But most, I think, when heaven doth bring  
The blushing freshness of the spring.

For then earth minds Him most, I guess,  
Of new creation's guilelessness,  
When in the new-born world He saw  
All things harmonious to His law.

For in the spring He sees again  
The whole earth quickened. Kindly rain  
Has washed the dripping world anew,  
The coasts of heaven are lapped with blue,  
And artless flowers amaze the sod,  
Laughing, with baby eyes, to God.

## WEARY

**A** TOUCH of gold is on the brown field's edges,  
A hint of brown is shimmering on the sedges.  
Wan on the cheek of ruddy afternoon  
A haunting mistiness will gather soon.  
The Summer, weary of his changeful hap,  
His last rich hours throws to Autumn's lap,  
And, like a wastrel when his prime is by,  
Thinks on his end—and late prepares to die.

## THE REVEALING

**W**HEN that first man astonished gazed  
On the grim winter's wrack and woe,  
Was not his shivering soul amazed  
That God could treat creation so?

The flowers' most delicate delight  
Blackened and blasted in a night!  
And all the woodland's glory lost  
With withering winds and plagues of frost!

But when, the winter's wildness past,  
Breathless with sudden joy he stood,  
While resurrections sweet and vast  
Beatified the trembling wood,

Then dawned upon his troubled mind  
How God can wound but to be kind.  
For winter's want alone can bring  
The crowning rapture of the spring!

## MANIFEST

**W**HEN God (with what extreme delight!)  
Sifts on the hills a maze of snow,  
I love that strange and wildering sight  
Of the dark forests to and fro  
Weaving their tangled webs between  
The milky snowdrift's dazzling sheen.



For then the great Creator's art  
Is manifest in tiny things.  
The slender grasses loom apart,  
Each inky twig a challenge flings;

They are as wondrous to the eye  
As the great hills that ripple by  
Leaning in whiteness on the sky!

## ENVY

SUMMER, how I envy thee!  
No season giveth more  
Glory to God, to earth delight,  
To man a plenteous store.

Thou limner, Summer, dost express  
God, in what hues of loveliness!  
Poet, through all thy glowing days  
Thou writest the green earth o'er  
with praise.  
Great architect, who buildest true  
His fleckless fane, the dome of blue!

Ah, Summer, how I envy thee!  
No season giveth more  
Glory to God, calm peace to earth,  
To man a precious store.

## THE PAGE

**M**OST lovely and serene the wild flower stood  
 (Why call these daughters of the wood-  
 land wild?)

Tall 'mid the beauty of her sisterhood,  
 And, through the shady air, divinely smiled.

How featly were the golden petals wrought!  
 Some prince of filigree hath made the thing,  
 And spent his tireless skill, and drained his thought  
 To tease the jaded fancy of a king!

Yet, as I gazed, no more the wild flower took  
 A blind perfection from the soulless sod.  
 She held her golden blossoms like a book,  
 And from that page I read—a thought of God.

## SHEPHERD'S PURSE

**T**HERE is a venturesome weed that springs  
 First of all greening herbs, and flings  
 A wee white banner free;  
 A tiny thing that dares to blow  
 When hardiest flowers still fear the snow  
 And gaunt is every tree.  
 I hail thy banner, pioneer,  
 Bright firstling of the breaking year,  
 And give thee toll of verse.  
 God's flower, He loves thy blossom bold,  
 That gives first homage after cold—  
 Good growing, Shepherd's Purse!

## THE POEM

**F**OR one most rare and single hour  
The rose matured its perfect flower,  
Then that sweet vision brake in pain  
And wept its petaled tears like rain.  
But in that hour of pure delight  
A poet seized the vision bright  
And turned its splendor, fleet and coy,  
To an immortal song of joy.  
So, if thou sweetly and with care  
Bring thy brief life to blossom fair,  
God, of all poets great and best,  
Makes thee a song to charm the Blest!

## PROFUSION

**I**F Thou hadst made but one,  
One perfect flower and set it in the sun,  
Consummate in its airy symmetry,  
A marvel for all wondering eyes to see,  
Then Thy eternal power we should confess  
For that one miracle of loveliness.

But when Thou wakenest flowerets everywhere—  
On lowland meadows, in the mountainous air,  
In desert places, on the lonely lea,  
Where never heart can praise nor eye can see,  
Then, our hearts melting, then we feebly guess,  
O Infinite Lover, all Thy love's excess!

## THE ROOT

**I**N the dark and underground  
The gnarled and sturdy roots are found,  
Holding, feeding sturdily  
All the vigor of the tree.  
Grumble not that thou canst know  
Fame nor praise nor pride nor show.  
Glory, for the flower and fruit,  
To the dark, forgotten root!

## PRIDE

**B**UT here and there a starveling vine is seen,  
Clothing the haughty cliff with withering  
green.

The proud, harsh rock rears its stiff bulk too high,  
And stares, with desolate front, too near the sky.  
So thine own soul shall bare and barren be  
If thou art proud, and Heaven abandons thee.

## THE REVELATION

**I**LOOKED across the spring-transfigured world,  
The blending distance purpled o'er with haze,  
The soft, enfolding hills, the cliffs afar,  
And, at my feet, the broad blue river, poured  
Amid its greening islands. All the air  
Breathed growing odors, all the stirring wood  
Blushed o'er with reddening bud-tips, every gust

Bore trills and choruses of chirping joy  
From woodland plaisances, and o'er the fields  
The bright new-woven coverlets of grass  
Held the soft, sunny green no season knows  
But earliest springtide. And the gemming pools  
Sparkled, and shot their gratitude to heaven  
In blue reflections.

O the gentle joy  
To stand on this clear height and breathe the spring,  
And see this broad rejoicing dwindling on  
To the glad distance. O God's hour of spring!

Then one that stood beside me, musing, spake:  
"Some hearts, unthinking, half complain that God  
Doth hide His awful Presence. Man, they say,  
Scarce sets his foot on any gracious shore  
When lo! the busy patience of his hand  
Clears the down-thundering woods, bounds in the  
fields,

Orders the wilderness to waving grain,  
Lifts smoking cottage chimneys, dots the lawns  
With grazing kine, and gives the wildest land  
An air of habitation and of home."

Then I, "O pity that they cannot look  
Yonder afar! How the soft, steaming lands  
Cry out their Maker! How the awful curve  
Of yon dim, far horizon speaks a Power  
That dwarfs the pyramids! How all the deeps

Of limpid air, and all the laughing world  
Show forth His visible handiwork! The sun,  
A fiery symbol, pours the life of spring  
To type His quickening Presence, more the Life  
Of all that lives than is yon glorious orb  
The splendor of the heavens! Man hath need  
To put his puny stamp on all he claims  
From God's all-bounteous fullness, need to fell  
The crowding forests, net the hills with ways,  
And quell the natural freedom of the fields.  
To ordered usage, tenant he—no more.  
But 'tis God's very earth, His constant care;  
And as ye gaze o'er all the circling world  
Ye see His visible operation, quick  
In every vastest trunk and tiniest stem.  
Hidden? O Lord, no fleecy cloud doth sail  
Uplifted on the blue, no frolic gale  
Bends the young willows, no outspringing green  
Dapples the eager woods, no fluting call  
Trills from the tree-tops—nay, no light-winged fly  
Floats careless on, air-wafted, but doth show  
More clear, more true, more utterly, thy hand,  
Thy might, thy care, thy love, than all the words  
Spoke till the fall of time, than all he's writ  
Or told or wrought in tells the power of man.  
Yea, every swelling height doth call to height  
In echoes down the valleys, dying on  
To distance after distance round the world,  
'God is our maker,' and each height replies  
With thrilling voices, 'Praise our maker, God!'

# HUMANITY





## SUN-BROWNE WITH TOIL

SUN-BROWNE and worn with toil, he leaned  
awhile

On his bright spade and looked into the west.  
His eyes were soft with thought. St. Francis came,  
Noiseless, and stood beside, then gently said:  
"Brother, what seest thou?" Deep he drew a breath  
Of long contentment. "When yon evening light  
Touches my cottage rooftree—lo, see there  
How flames the thatch beneath the glowing rays—  
I love to look across the reddened world  
And thank my God, who keeps me; love to muse  
How through the circling hours and changing years,  
As days tread slow on days, He works for me.  
I see yon shaggy hillside, grown with vines;  
His own all-sedulous hand doth mold each bud  
And twine each tendril round its destined stay.  
How soft the pastures roll! He greens them o'er  
With countless grass-tips, each His utter care  
As are the swinging stars. The chestnuts spread  
Wide-armed and dark; He builds their buttressed  
limbs

Against the storm, and when they groan and sway  
They call to Him for succor. And the birds!  
How far and free they ride the weightless air,  
And fall and soar and circle—ah, they feel  
In swiftest onrush of their dizzy flight  
His hand beneath them. And yon waving wheat  
That ripples all its shining blades with joy

Beneath the summer's winds, He bids it grow,  
It and the clustered vines, to furnish forth  
His Holy Table. So mine evening thoughts  
Run on and on thus mingled, all the world  
Speaking of God, my Lord; and when the west  
Flames like a chalice, and its flooding rays  
Frame the fair sun, poised ere he veils his light,  
Methinks the whole vast world is figured there.  
God is its sun! and it but gleams to show  
In myriad forms the one Eternal Fair  
That bade it be." He paused, and could no more.  
Then Francis prayed, his eyes besieging heaven.  
"O God, my Father, I do give thee praise  
That thou hast spoken to these simple hearts  
What pride and troubled learning faint to know.  
They search the spheres for light: this man of toil  
Sees thee, O Light, in all thy common world,  
And where thy love hath placed him finds his peace."

## BEGIN

**I**F thou thyself wilt but be kind,  
And curb thy naughty heart and mind,  
A pleasant wonder thou wilt see—  
How all the world grows kind to thee!

Kind looks, most like a fire's sweet glow,  
Will kindle kindness as they go;  
And gentle words, in thy distress,  
Will woo thee words of gentleness.

## HORIZONS

I LOOKED across the immemorial sea,  
The silent line which weds the earth and sky,  
And from that misty bond was born to me  
Vast comprehensions of the days gone by.

I saw reborn Phenician argosies  
Tempt the far reaches of untravelled seas;  
I saw blythe Carthaginian galleys sail  
To blue horizons on the dangerous gale.

And best, through yon blue glory, far and faint,  
I saw crusading Louis, king and saint,  
Match with calm eye the tempest's furious fling,  
In both worlds warrior, and to each a king.

Such deathless story, such adventure high,  
Is writ forever 'twixt the sea and sky.  
That same slim siren distance lured them on;  
They watched thy thin blue line from every dawn.

## ENCHANTMENT

FROM this embowered silence where I stand  
I hear a lilt as faint as fairyland,  
As soft, as quaint-fantastic and as fair  
As elfin piper ever trebled there.  
Yet, as I hear, I know, though distant-sweet,  
'Tis but a hurdy-gurdy in the street!

## THE HEART

**A** LAS, how little understood  
The heart, with all its cloistered good!  
Men give their precious jewel away  
That could a God's keen love repay.  
They waste their hearts in vile excess,  
That could a city raise and bless.  
They sell their hearts in folly strange,  
When Christ, for theirs, His heart would change.  
Ah, Jesu, teach us all the art  
To give, and so to gain, a heart!

## THE GIFT

**H**E gave—what was it that he gave?  
A look that spoke the gentle mind,  
A word, but in a tone so kind!  
He could, with but a single wave  
Of his frail hand, the spirit bind  
With steel-strong bonds of gratitude.

His heart—that was his gift! It came  
In sweet and unobtrusive ways,  
As on a lake the southwind plays.  
That gift could quell the spirit rude,  
And stir the sluggish like a flame.  
How slight soe'er his cheer, his praise,  
You felt the mighty *heart* behind!

## SORROW'S DOOR

**L**ET sorrow make a door for thee  
Where sad hearts' sorrow thou mayest see,  
A tender, swift compassion gain  
From thine for thy sad brother's pain.

Ah, through that door look long and kind,  
Till flee thy sorrows from thy mind  
And all thy grieving and distress  
Change to a pitying tenderness.

## NEARER

**W**E watched the sinking of the sun together.  
He was my friend, and we were soon to  
part,  
And as the last gleam vanished in the ocean  
I felt a sudden darkness of the heart.  
Said I, "That measures out my time with you."  
Quoth he, "And nearer brings our meeting, too."

## BE KIND

**B**E kind. Enough of strife and tears  
Wears the deep channel of the years.

Swell not that torrent of distress,  
But spend thy tireless toil to bless.

Oh, who doth ease one human woe  
Gives more to God than angels know!

## BRIEF

**T**HY tears are brief, they fall and cease;  
Thou canst not grieve for long, nor keep  
Thy sorrow in thy heart. A sleep,  
A song, a passing of thy pain,  
Will soothe thy soul to rest again.  
Thy tears are brief, they flow to peace.

But joy is still the mightier part.  
It lifts thy soul from earth, and swings  
Thy spirit to the peak; it springs  
Like a young eagle. Give thee joy!  
'Twill all thy loftiest gifts employ,  
And build a heaven within thy heart!

## CHILDISH

**I**T was a tiny lass who stood  
Nigh to a flower, and in delight  
Touched the gay petals, if she could  
Steal off the colors bright.

Alas, she spoiled the brilliant cup,  
Nor took one lovely color up.

We, misers of the brief delight  
Which God but giveth for an hour,  
Childish as yonder playful mite,  
Would steal the color from a flower!

## AT A SILVER JUBILEE

**A** GLORY crowns the turning of the year,  
And every dawn and even shine with light  
Entranced; the fading summer glows severe  
With golden splendors of autumnal light.  
At peeping dawn blooms the far east with flowers,  
Rosy and liliated with celestial bloom—  
A memory for the long and gradual hours  
While the slow sun plods heaven from gloom to  
gloom

And evening crowns the glaring day. Once more  
Lo, the fair fancies of the dreaming west—  
Gilt domes and crimson battlements expressed  
In the light tapestries of heaven's floor.

So heaven and earth have each their golden days;  
And we, the summit of the cone of things,  
God's pinnacle, the living soul that sings  
Above the mute creation in His praise,  
We too, as years on gradual years unroll,  
Acclaim the changing seasons of the soul.

The heart hath never such a right to joy  
As when it serves God duly. Never peace  
Cometh so truly on our toil's release,  
Never the heart hath larger holiday,  
Than when the patient years have toiled away  
In God's calm mansions, in His love's employ.

Therefore, O thou whose silvery days have brought  
Such large and patient tribute to thy Lord,

We make a holiday. Our careful thought  
Runs o'er the years. We steal the glory poured  
From many dawns and sunsets—over thee  
To weave a silvery wreath of stainless revelry.

Ah! may dear Jesus, who hath watched thee well  
Through the long vigils and the tireless days,  
Whose tender heart with treasuring love can tell  
The hidden deeds of uneventful ways,  
Bless thee most kind from heaven. May Mary bless  
Thy toils and strife, thy pains and weariness,  
And all bright choirs commend in sweet accord  
Thy silver years of service to the Lord.

## UNKNOWN

**I**N smothered places, loud with din,  
Where sun scarce breaks till noon,  
Where the loud city, drunk with sin,  
Roars on its ribald tune,

Where the dun air, with gases sick,  
Their panting breath offends,  
They toil amid that horror thick—  
Thy brothers and thy friends.

Brothers whom thou hast never known,  
And friends who yearn for thee  
To bring them in their struggle lone  
Some touch of charity.



# THE MOUTH OF BABES



## TO ROSE IN HEAVEN

*To Rose Kilmer, died September 9, 1917,  
aged five years.*

TELL me, Rose,  
Unto what bright and peaceful morn  
Thy petals did uncloze  
When thou wast borne  
Into His heavenly garden close  
Who took thee hence ere thou had'st made a thorn.

Tell, O sweet,  
The rapture of the hurrying feet  
Of those white angels who are sent to bear  
God's roses there,  
And set them blooming by the Golden Street.

Tell me—thine eyes  
Have seen the Great Surprise;  
Thy innocent, tender eyes upon His face  
Have fed, this bitter while  
That we have missed thy smile—  
Tell me some tidings of the Holy Place.

Tell—by the Gate  
Did clustering cherubs wait  
The coming of another flower like they?  
Did they clap hands in glee,  
A welcome, Rose, to thee,  
And bid thee in their rosy choir come play?

And white  
And ruddy in thy dewy grace,  
Unto thy Heart's Delight  
Wast thou borne trembling through that holy place,  
While all the great-winged angels stood and smiled  
A welcome to thee, child?

Alas! I miss  
Words to conjecture faint  
The gold and glorious bliss  
That flamed in splendor from each watching saint  
Seeing the hasteful angels radiant come  
With such a blossom home!

In gardens here,  
Now, at the closing of the golden days,  
The waning year,  
Grown crabbed and severe,  
Hath strewn the roses all along the ways,  
And lovely buds the rimy evenings sear.

Ah, Rose, sweet Rose,  
Perhaps He plucked thy beauty just in time.  
Thy bud in yonder friendly glory glows  
Forever at the splendor of its prime.  
On earth  
No more the buds have birth.

Then Mary blest,  
Queenly and tender, in celestial blue,  
With roses at her breast

To mind her of that budding Rose she knew,  
Did she haste loving at her Son's behest  
To welcome tiny you?

But oh,  
Most, most I crave to know  
How He came forth to find you, how the street  
Sang with His hurrying feet;  
The lit, adoring air was all aglow.

Till then  
Thou wast a flower of the race of men,  
Unopened, little lass of five short years.  
No sorrows and no fears  
Had thrust them in thy ken—  
Thy trustful eyes had known no bitter tears.

Unconscious innocent!  
Then all the beauty pent  
In thy sweet bud of frail humanity  
Burst wonderful to bloom,  
And thrilled the heaven's room  
Thy Savior's glory mirrored swift in thee!

Thou  
Upon thy brow  
Hast life eternal, in thy glorious eyes  
That secular surprise  
That thrills the Blessed. In a happy hour  
The Gardener takes His flower!

Farewell!

Time was that I could tell

Much lore to thee—life's lessons rude and wild.

Now I but ask a crumb

Of wisdom from thy vast and sudden sum.

Thou art full-grown, sweet Rose; 'tis I am still the  
child!

### PUER LOQUITUR

**L**ORD JESUS, did it fret you so  
To have to wait so long to grow?  
Did you get tired of being small,  
And long to be a man, and tall?

It seems to me I never can  
Wait to grow up and be a man.  
How could you leave your heaven to be  
A little, tiny boy like me?

### THE WONDER

*(A little boy soliloquizes.)*

**D**EAR Jesus, when the stars come out,  
And shine and twinkle all about,  
Often I try, and try, and try,  
To count those sparkles in the sky!

*I could not count them, all the night!*  
*You made them all, and keep them bright!*

## TO A NEWCOMER

WELCOME, sir! and prythee find  
Cheer and comfort to thy mind.  
Though the world—'tis old and blind—  
Hail thee not as is thy due,  
Yet it gives thee lovers two.  
They will mention each to each  
All thy cryptic hints of speech.  
They will see or shrewdly guess  
All thy wit and winsomeness.  
God, who knows men never prize  
Enough newcomers from the skies,  
Gives thee two lovers who can see  
All He has planned and brought to be,  
Wee, dimpled lord of hearts, in thee!

## SOUNDS GOOD

MY mama says that if I play  
The way I ought, and try to be  
As good to other boys I know—  
As I want them to be to me—  
That God will love me ever so,  
And listen to me when I pray,  
And watch me everywhere I go.

Sounds good to hear my mother say  
God wants a little boy to *play*.

## A LITTLE BOY TO JESUS

**W**HEN you were little did you love  
Your mama dear as I?  
And did she call you "mama's dove,"  
And kiss you when you'd cry?

Did she come whispering every night  
And ask were you asleep?  
And did she tuck you awful tight  
For fear the cover'd creep?

You give all boys their mamas. I s'pose  
You saw the bestest one,  
And came way down from heaven and chose  
To be her little Son!

## WHERE?

**W**HERE is I-a-little-child?  
I love that child most dear,  
His timid fancies that beguiled  
Full many a starting tear,  
His simple heart without offense,  
And ah, his snowy innocence!  
Wilt thou, in heaven, O Savior mild,  
Restore me, I-a-little-child?



# IN CITY STREETS



## THE STREET

O LORD, I sadly mourn to see  
How the wild street hath need of thee.  
'Tis here thy erring sheep go stray,  
Find the broad path, but miss thy way.  
On silly cares they roam intent,  
On every passing folly bent.

Lord, here they wander who are lost,  
Bought at thy heart's blood's fearful cost.  
No place in all creation where  
Men need more sore the aid of prayer!

Then lo! Thy scattered churches rise  
With reverent gesture to the skies.  
I see—oh mercy most complete!—  
An altar set in every street.

## ON THE OBELISK AT CENTRAL PARK

THOU weariless admonitor of time;  
Grim, stony gesture of departed days;  
Quaint messenger, from eld's forgotten ways,  
To the young North, of Afric's faded clime!

Thou look'st unchanged. The eddying tide of years  
Swirls round thee most unyielding. Aeons fail:  
Thou art unmoved. Thy rugged stones prevail,  
While man, proud trifle, struts and disappears.

Yet, when I gaze more closely, on thy brow  
The solemn sculptures fade, the symbols fall!  
Time's desperate tooth, doth it devour all?  
None cheats him, ancient wonder, even thou?  
Then, from time's false and treacherous thralldom  
free,  
I here ambition but eternity!

### TO A WORKING GIRL

**T**HOU art but one, an unconsidered one,  
Of hundred thousands that possess the street;  
A type of uncomplaining labor, neat,  
Small, undernourished, clad from head to feet  
With commonplace and average seemliness—  
Thy trim and careful soul expressed in dress.

No thrilling pleasures thine of books or art;  
But thy few thoughts are of the current kind.  
Thou keep'st some simple romance in thy heart,  
And thy light chatter measures all thy mind.

Yet through the treacherous day thy life is pure;  
Thou wrongest none, nor grieveest any friend,  
Thou lovest God, nor any dost offend—  
Mayhap, in yonder dawn of heaven's light,  
When what-we-are slays what-we-seem-to-be,  
Full many a likelier soul may strain its sight  
With looking upward for the throne of thee!

## THE EAST SIDE

**A**LL the fierce summer noon the street  
Is murmurous with tiny feet,  
And clustering children, mad with play,  
Dispute each vantage of the way.

Innumeros as the birds that throng  
The desert islands of the sea,  
And fickle as the flocks along  
The flowered fields of Galilee,  
The tender children pause and fleet  
In the vile city's dust and heat.

Its sooty soils of mind and sense  
Stain their unguarded innocence,  
While on their snowy hearts flow down  
The dark contagions of the town.

## AN ATTITUDE

**T**HERE are so many poor, and how  
Shall I discern and find  
Which with my bounty to endow,  
And where 't were best declined?  
These charities, one knows not how,  
Provoke and fret the mind—  
I am so comfortable now!

## THE CHRISTLIKE ART

**H**EAL thine own heart by gentleness,  
Brew from thy woes a balm to bless,  
And from thy sorrows learn to bind  
The piteous wounds of humankind.  
This is the Christlike art, to ease  
All men from our own agonies.

## THE TRAVELER'S SONG

**I** PASS and repass the dim cities,  
Haunts of homekeeping men;  
The sound of their sighs and their ditties  
Floats to my ears again.

The scatter of lights in the gloaming,  
The huddle of roofs in the dawn,  
I see them, they call me from roaming,  
But the road, it beckons me on!

Not mine by the blazing fire  
To rest me night after night;  
Not mine to my heart's desire  
To sit in the kind hearth-light.

I pass and repass the dim cities,  
Weary and ever I plod,  
Deaf to their sighs and their ditties,  
Bearing a message for God.

## THE WAIF

OVER her head, 'twixt buildings high,  
A hint—'tis but a hint—of sky.  
No dawn, no sunset cheers her eye.

Under her bare and baby feet,  
The vile contagion of the street;  
Ah, for that tender form, unmeet!

And all about, the sin, the glare  
Of the bold city's tainted air—  
Bad setting for a soul so fair!

Yet somewhere fields are all aglow  
With unregarded blossom-show;  
And hearts are kind—did they but know!

## TOO LONELY

THOU art too lonely in thy grief.  
Lift up thine eyes and find  
The world that waits thy mild relief,  
Thy pity, quick and kind.  
Lift up thine eyes. Good deeds await  
Entreating through the years.  
'Twas for this vision, clear and great,  
God washed thine eyes with tears.

## THE WITCHES' HOUSE AT SALEM

**O** STRANGE reminder of a vanished hour,  
When sombre myths of eld had frantic  
power,  
How swift hath sinuous error died away  
And the dark wrath of that too credulous day!  
Hath died? Ah, no. On that Atlantic shore  
New persecutions threat and fall once more!

## THE SALEM FIRE

**T**HE flames, in one mad hour of fierce dismay,  
Snatched the slow relics of an olden day.  
But what dark conflagrations of the mind  
Lay waste the creeds these pilgrims left behind!

## THE SALEM FIELDS

**P**ILED with the toil of many a vanished hand,  
In silent ward the rock-built fences stand.  
But alien hands possess the acres fair  
Which these old fathers cleared with sedulous care.

## THE HOLIDAY

**T**HE young fair faces! With delighted looks  
They quit the tedious air of class and books  
For the new meadows, where the sun is high.  
Like unto like! These to the fields and sky!



# THE WORLD OF BOOKS



## POETA LOQUITUR

**P**OOOR? Sir, yon glorious field is mine.  
I own the glimmer and the shine  
That makes it gold.

Another hath the heavy care  
Of the dull, clodded acres there,  
To till and hold.

His are the tares amid the wheat,  
The worms his well-loved profits eat.  
They vex not me.

I take vast tribute of the eye  
From the great earth and teeming sky,  
Most rich—and free!

## A LYRIC

**A** LYRIC is a song that springs  
Unbidden, as a wild bird's heart  
Ripples to music while its wings  
Cleave the soft air apart.

It bubbles upward in the mind  
Spontaneous as the springs that leap  
Eager a comely bed to find  
To bear their waters deep.

Tempt not the lyric if thy heart  
Knows not this sweet melodious start,  
This gush of music born with wings  
Like a wild bird that soars and sings.

## THE DEAD

“**L**O, if poetry be dead,  
In thy heart the dirge be sung,  
And the funeral chimes be rung;  
Let the solemn bells go toll  
For the passing of a soul.”

“Never a soul hath poesy.”  
“Nay, the bells go toll for thee!  
Wretch, if poetry hath fled,  
'Tis thy soul, alas, is dead.”

## TO SHAKESPEARE

**W**ILL SHAKESPEARE, they have hunted up  
and down

To find thy heart. In all the changing throng,  
More real than life, that crowd thy page along,  
Which is thyself, lord of this dreamy town?  
The mirror thou dost unto nature hold  
Is so consummate in its crystal art  
It hath no color that can hint thy heart.  
Wert thou thyself proud, lowly, timid, bold?

We guess and gaze. Yet this of thee we know:  
Thou lovedst faith, truth, honor, piety,  
Couldst weep with every grief, take tenderest ken  
Of maidens' hearts, appraise a mother's woe,  
Search the meek heart of patient sanctity—  
Thou madest thy heart all things to many men.

## THE BOOKWORM

WHEN I am weary or distraught  
    With overtoil or care,  
I flee into the halls of thought  
    And seek me solace there.  
    Oh, it is pleasant sure to find  
    Paths to the kingdom of the mind.

Lo, at the portals of my room  
    The great and mighty wait.  
In their small volumes, cased in gloom,  
    They bide in silent state.  
    Oh, mighty power! A glance from me  
    Sets all these prisoned spirits free!

I sit me down, and calmly choose  
    Which I am fain to hear—  
The witch of Avon, or that Muse  
    Made hell's dark fathoms clear;  
    Wild Will stands patiently in line  
    With that most courteous Florentine!

I call them forth, and one by one  
    I con their wonders o'er.  
In sober thought or roaring fun  
    They wait beside my door.  
    Long dead, their converse pleases me  
    As much as living company.

## WORDS

**W**ORDS! What slight and shadowy things  
To buy or lose the crowns of kings!  
Of what light woof that speech was made  
Which saved a nation or betrayed!

Yet words, more strong than steel, can bind  
The stubborn heart, the subtle mind,  
A sodden life with glory leaven,  
And save a ruined soul for heaven!

# THE SAINTS





## ALL SAINTS'

**T**HE burning suns of heaven, that can delight  
    Their watching worlds with immemorial light,  
    They seem, so far, to our unequal eyes  
A milky glimmer on the breast of night!

We hail you now, bright brothers, through the haze  
And blur of Glory. Time's serene delays  
    Shall bring us, yon in heaven, the bright surprise  
Of your own fame, your clear and separate praise.

## TO A MARTYR

**T**HE fire was no match for thee,  
    Who burned with an intenser glow.  
It did but help thine ardor free,  
    That was too trammelled here below.  
    The splendor of thy keen desire  
    Shamed the wild flames and paled the fire.

The sword was duller than thine eye,  
    That longed to see its blade more keen.  
It clove not to thy spirit nigh,  
    But cleft the flesh that stood between  
    Thy most ambitioned Good and thee.  
    Death was thy life and set thee free!

## TO A SAINT IN HEAVEN

**E**SSENTIAL Glory covers thee.  
Nor, in that brightness, canst thou miss  
Thine eyes, unoped on yonder world  
Though they have closed on this.  
Thou need'st no windowed orbs of sight.  
On thy bare soul the Glory falls,  
And thy rapt being's deep enthalls,  
All permeate with light!

## TO A SAINT ON EARTH

**T**HINE eyes are little lakes of light,  
Wherein a heavenly calmness lies,  
Like the soft radiance, pure as bright,  
Of evening skies.  
Soft through thy look thy soul doth shine,  
A soul as lovely with the gleam  
Of the far Heaven's dawn divine  
As when fair sunrise lights a stream.

## TO ST. STANISLAUS

**G**OD hath no need of all the summer's day  
To ripe a flower and set it in the sun.  
For ere the snowy spring hath waned away  
He hath in glory compassed many a one.

And so with souls; for thee He swiftly dressed  
In glorious bloom—then plucked thee to His breast.

## COURAGE

DEAR Lord, I own that I,  
    Tho' I be fain to die,  
    No lover of this clinging coat of clay;  
Though my keen spirit, spent  
With its dull cerement,  
    Would fling the body like a husk away;

Yet there be yearnings, sweet familiar things  
Whereto my fond heart clings—  
    Faces and clasping hands and hearts I know,  
That blur my wistful eyes,  
Turned full on paradise,  
    Yet half unwilling, only half, to go.

Lord, as I look and yearn  
Meseems thy love doth turn  
    And point me to the legions at thy side,  
Unnumbered hosts that wait,  
Dear friends, past heaven's gate,  
    Till I be cleansed and safe and sanctified.

Hail, ye celestial friends!  
No more my heart depends  
    On the dear dwellers of this hither shore!  
I dare to die and flee  
To your eternity,  
    And in that glory wait their coming o'er.

## DESIRE

O THOU desireful bee,  
I know how 'tis with thee,  
By thy dear wistful longing ever pressed  
(Thy flower from afar  
Is flaming like a star)  
To fly and feed and cling and be at rest.

O moth, that to the fire  
Dost flutter with desire,  
I know what dazzled yearning thou dost feel.  
Desirous of the light,  
Though it doth daze thy sight,  
Another touch of flame will surely heal.

I know! For I desire  
A Flame, a Light, a Fire—  
My Lord, within the snowy wafer laid.  
My heart, with never cease,  
Is thirsting for its Peace.  
I yearn, I haste—I see and am afraid.

O Jesu, can I dare  
To come and seek thee there,  
Thee, on whom legioned angels look with fear?  
I am unworthy, I—  
Ah, list His soft reply:  
“Thou foolish bee, thou fearful moth, draw near!”

## A SERMON OF ST. FRANCIS

**T**WAS at Assisi, of a summer's eve,  
And gentle Francis stood and blessed the throng  
Of plodding townsmen weary fain for home.  
Then raised his voice, and spake his yearning heart:  
"Brothers, I love ye all, I bid ye home  
To sweetest rest, now the hard day is done.  
For Jesus loved you, simple men of toil,  
Yea, toiled like you, and weary was for home.  
And when I see you pass, meseems I see  
My tired Lord walk 'mid your brotherhood.  
He is among you. Brothers, ye must walk  
Most reverent now, for He is at your side!  
Are ye not Christian men? Have ye not spent  
Your strength and sweat and labor for His love?  
And will He fail to bear you company?  
'If any labor, heavily burdened'—list  
His loving tones—'let him but come to me;  
I will refresh him, I will be his rest.'  
So thou, poor man, that feeble art and old,  
Lean on His arm. And thou, my gentle boy,  
Too tender still for toil, if thou hast woe  
In thy young heart, quick tell it to thy Lord.  
And you, poor mothers, homeward to the nest  
Where your dear fledglings wait, and group them  
round,  
And tell them all, that He who taketh thought  
For the young ravens when they cry for food  
Hath endless care of them, providing love.

So, bless ye! Home! Let no desponding tear  
Your sorrows claim, for sorrows He doth give  
To them He loves. In sorrow be ye glad!  
Smile still, whate'er betide; ye are His own.  
For the poor Jesus ever loved His poor."  
He ceased, his eyes' sweet founts still eloquent;  
And in his listeners' looks a radiance shone,  
And smiles through tears, like sun in summer rain.  
So, praising God, they took them happy home.

### TO ONE IN HEAVEN

**T**HINE eyes grew lovelier, yearning far,  
Like a sweet child that sees a star—  
A wistful and expectant gaze  
That deepened in them with the days.

What sudden shinings, leaps of light,  
Flashed in them at thy soul's delight  
When, darting eager from the clod,  
They glimpsed the startling light of God!

# TO THE VIRGIN MOTHER





## TO THE VIRGIN IN MAY

ALL the wild aisles and meadow paths between  
Faithful the flowers their memoried hues display.

How old the earth! Yet each recurring May  
This sedulous pomp of bloom hath ever seen,  
Nor May grows wearied of her blossom day.

Now flowery rhymes, as faithful as the hours,  
Spring in lone places, Mother-Maid, to thee—  
Most fragile things, but great in constancy.  
Of thine old praise on these dull lips of ours  
Dost thou grow weary?

“As the May of flowers!”

## HER PRAISE

AND why should I again  
Cull the old garlands of familiar flowers  
And vex the patient hours  
With praising you, dear Queen, oft praised by  
worthier men?

Ah, but forever new  
The old, old praise doth seem to gracious you!  
“All generations bless me.” Therefore meet  
I lay this garland, Lady, at your feet.

## A PLEA

**I**T was a little babe and lorn  
That wailed upon the winter's morn.  
A woman passed, she heard the plea,  
"Come to my arms, poor babe," said she,  
"I'll take thee home and mother thee."

Dear Virgin Mother, lost am I.  
Hear, hear my faint and thrilling cry! ✓  
'Twill move the gentle heart of thee  
To take me home and mother me.

## REMEMBRANCE

**W**HEN all the glory and content  
Of opulent summer shine and glow—  
When winy odors, lavish spent,  
Through the tranced woodland sweetly blow,  
I think, O glorious Maid, of thee  
With thy dear Son upon thy knee.

But when the autumn, wan with gold,  
Touches the shivering hills to dread—  
When sighing turns the meadows cold,  
And wounded forests drip with red,  
I see thee then—oh, gain in loss!—  
With that dear Son, beneath the Cross!

## TO THE VIRGIN MOTHER

PITY! O thou so calm and mild,  
Victorious over strife and sin,  
Oh, pity! Through what battles wild  
Thy heavenly calm we win!  
God! How the passion and the strife  
Make weary warfare of our life!

Pity! Our flesh, rebellious still,  
Burns like a fire the weeping mind;  
The stubborn temper of our will  
Can scarce submission find.  
Lean sedulous from thy heaven fair,  
Mother, and bring us safely there.

## A MOTHER, TO CHRIST'S MOTHER

REMEMBER how He used to run,  
And lean upon thy knee—  
So doth my wee and tender son,  
And prattles sweet to me.

His head, as gentle as a dove,  
Stooped dear upon thy breast!  
Ah, thus my little boy doth love  
Upon my heart to rest!

## THE PRESENTATION

**T**REMBLE, thou temple vast and strong,  
To the light footsteps of a Maid.  
Fearless she walks thine aisles along—  
'Tis thine, proud pile, to be afraid.

No spoiler of that ancient day  
So wrought thy stubborn stones' dismay  
As this slight Maid, in God's great hour,  
Shall wreck for aye thy hoary power.

Tremble, thou mighty fane, for fear;  
The living House of God is here!

## WHEN JESUS SLEPT

**W**HENE'ER I see a mother with her child  
Making a cradle of her arms to keep  
The soft and helpless treasure of its sleep—  
A living shrine, most sedulous and mild,  
Giving unwearied refuge, calm and deep—  
The world spins backward, and amazed I see  
How, on the beating haven of thy breast,  
Thy tiny God clung in a dreamless rest,  
Enshrined from any fear, secure in thee,  
While, in the rapture of thy joy complete,  
Thy heart with His kept music, beat for beat!

## TO THE VIRGIN

**O** QUIET dawn, outbreaking  
When all the dark world slept,  
Thy rosy glory, waking,  
From peak to summit leapt.  
It was a forecast, meek and holy one;  
On thy pure dawn came fast the glorious Sun!  
O gentle eve, remaining  
When the bright Sun was dead;  
His peaceful light retaining  
Who for a space was fled.  
It was a promise, calm and glorious one,  
That a new Morn shall give us back the Sun!

## THE ROSARY

**H**ALLOWED by clasping hands of old,  
Of saints and sinners, tiny chain  
With the worn beads of sombre grain,  
You are more dear than chastened gold.  
You link the centuries; and, sweet  
With the long chains of whispered prayer,  
Tangle the wide world in your snare,  
And bind it safe at Mary's feet.

## WILT THOU?

**T**HOSE sacred, fond communings unexpressed  
Which thou, dear Mother, didst with Jesus hold  
When thou couldst keep Him closely in thy breast  
And shield His small and feeble limbs from cold,  
Wilt thou in heaven sweetly tell them o'er  
To all the breathless Choirs of the Light,  
That they in rapture may rehearse once more  
That heavenly joy that made thy earth's delight?

## SWEET NAME

**S**WEET NAME, when every name was new  
Mine infant lips were oped to you,  
And whispered, "Mary!"  
A boy, a youth, and now a man,  
How oft in need, thro all my span,  
I've whispered, "Mary!"  
Ah, when mine hour shall come to die,  
Shall not my lips, accustomed, try  
To whisper, "Mary"?

# THE BLESSED EUCHARIST





## ANTICIPATION

**M**YSTERIOUS laughter ripples fleet  
Across the swaying seas of wheat.  
The green waves frolic wild, and flee  
Possessed of some vast, glorious glee.  
Then, as I look, with rising heart,  
Where the small wheat blades dance and part,  
My soul goes leaping with the sea!  
For sudden I have thought that I,  
When this sweet harvest all is grown,  
Shall reap the harvests of the sky—  
A sweeter Bread than e'er was sown,  
And call my Food from heaven, and eat  
Christ, whose far coming thrills the wheat!

## THE SACRAMENT

**P**ALE through the cloudy curtains of the dawn  
I saw a shape move on,  
A pallid wafer, and no more expressed  
To be the lordly sun  
(So dim to look upon!)  
Than the pale clouds that hovered in the west.

Yet it was he, and day most glorious bright  
Poured from that source obscure and dazed the  
heavens with light.

## NUTRITIONS

**I**T is my very keen delight  
Each wondering morn to give and give  
That tenuous Wafer, frail and light,  
Who is the Life of all that live.

Adown the reverential line  
In true paternal state I go,  
Giving to each the Food divine  
That nurtures heaven in hearts below.

Of old the sedulous Prophet fed  
His people with corporeal bread;  
I, by my word, can bring to be  
Nutritions of Eternity!

## THE EUCHARIST

**I** SAW a desert people fed  
Each morn with heaven-descended bread.  
Dear God, a wonder, sweet and dread!  
Lovedst thou these Jews than us more dear?

I see a worldwide altar; there  
God's Body lies, His people's fare.  
Oh, sweet and dread beyond compare!  
Yon was the show: the Substance here!

## A WISH

**S**WEET Lord, I loving call to mind  
The many spots of earth where thou  
In thy sweet sacrament most kind  
Art waiting now.

And wide I bid my spirit range  
To seek all foreign shores and bear  
My worship to their shrines—not strange,  
For thou art there!

Oh, could I part my heart and make  
A thousand, thousand hearts and send  
One to each temple for thy sake—  
My lonely Friend!

## FORGOTTEN

**H**E waits thee still, the Lord of glory waits  
In His small lodging, thy forgotten guest,  
While the long hours drain on from east to west,  
Till day runs weary through the sunset gates.  
He waits thee through the loneliness of night,  
While the slow stars their silvery course fulfil;  
In the gray morn He stays and waits thee still  
In His small shrine, where gleams the flickering light.  
Forgotten? Ah, in His eternity,  
What if the Lord of Life forgetteth thee!

## FIRST COMMUNION

*(At the Cathedral, Pittsburgh, May 17th, 1917.)*

THE air today hath hints of flowers,  
A brooding glory haunts the hours,  
The trees are whispering, each to each,  
Some tremulous joy too great for speech.

Now up the silent aisles they tread,  
With rosy look and reverent head,  
Wee children, with the starry eyes  
That still remember paradise.

And it is mine!—ah, it is mine  
To give their eager Bread divine,  
Who from my fingers strains to rest  
Enchanted in each snowy breast!

O Christ, thou furnace of desire,  
My sullen heart hath caught thy fire!  
It yearns with longing keen and dread  
To give this palpitant, wistful Bread.

Yea, I would gird the earth and find  
All thy lost lambs to thee inclined,  
And strain each hour thy love imparts,  
To feed and fan the fire of hearts.

## THE PASTOR

FROM the altar I go,  
With Christ in my hands.  
Toward the altar they flow,  
The desireful bands.

O Wafers most white,  
Where the Lover doth hide,  
How I give with delight  
My Lord multiplied!

I will come and will give  
Till my fingers are worn;  
My people shall live  
By this Food every morn.

They walk with rapt face,  
Little laddies that smile;  
Wee maidens who grace  
Like young flowers the aisle;

Old men, weary-eyed,  
But their looks are of peace;—  
Ah, they come like the tide,  
And I give without cease!

## THEN

**T**HE waves of the wheat like the waves of the  
sea,

They ripple and run right merrily,  
Filling my heart with a shiver of glee.

For when the wheat is gathered and ground,  
Then shall it gleam in a wafer round  
Where the Lord of the sea shall be sought and found!

## AT THE CONSECRATION

**A**BOVE the winy Cup, the Bread,  
Rapt seraphs hang in sweetest dread,  
And sightless o'er the altar white  
All heaven's choir acclaim the sight.  
How often is the Savior born!  
And every morn is Christmas morn.

## THE OFFERING

**T**HE bread that would Thine offering be  
Must lose its substance, changed to Thee!  
I take the symbol, Lord, and fain  
Would die—to live in Thee again.

**CHRISTO VICTORI**

**827047**





## THE CITADEL

*The Soul to Christ:*

**D**EEP in the shelter of thy wounded heart  
I choose my part.  
Weary and half distraught I enter in  
From care and sin.  
Here is no conflict; here is balmy peace  
And care's release!

*Christ to the Soul:*

Wouldst thou, indeed, in holy peace abide,  
Deep in my side?  
Fleeing the turmoil and the strife, to find  
A quiet mind?  
Know, 'tis a hero's and a warrior's part  
To hold my heart!

## A PLEA

**'T**WAS Magdalen called thee gardner—she  
Erred in her grief's great ecstasy.  
Yet from her lips the name I take,  
Dear Husbandman, and pleading make.

My love, dear Lord, doth blossom fair;  
What fruits 'twill yield I ne'er can guess.  
Fair-weather love, it ill can bear  
The frost, the wind, the cloud's distress.

If thou wilt see good fruitage there,  
Lord, of this flower thyself have care!

## AT ORDINATION

I REMEMBER with a tremor of delight  
One ecstatic morn that could suffice  
For a life of joy though never other light  
Poured its cup of dawning glory to the skies,

Jesu; for on that serene, foredestined day,  
'Mid the solemn pomp of ceremonial bands,  
Thou didst press me to thy yearning heart for aye,  
Laying on my head thine own creative hands.

Weak with fearful rapture and surprise,  
Soft I felt me folded to thy breast,  
Strong from hence to call thee from the skies,  
Nearer to thy wounds than all the rest.

## TO THE SACRED HEART

O HEART, thou heaven's consummate Rose,  
Where fragrance and where beauty blows!  
The swarming angels cling to thee  
To drink thy sweetest nectary!

O loveliest heart, uncloying sweet,  
They deem heaven's age-long hours too fleet;  
Each shining moment leads them bright  
To wider summits of delight!

Their joy, of all their joys, must be—  
They still can thirst, and drink of thee!

## CHRIST, TO ANY HEART

THOU canst not anchor joy  
In shifting sands of pleasure;  
Too small the fleeting measure  
Thy great heart to employ.

Thou canst not find thy peace  
In cloying and release  
Of thy proud heart's desires—  
Too fickle are its fires!

No joy nor peace for thee  
Until thy heart be free  
From earth, and rest in me.

## ENCOMPASSED

DOST thou, whose awful art I see  
In gnat and eagle, moss and tree,  
Love, as I love, the lesser things?  
Dost thou, O past all words most great,  
Lean from thy unconceived estate  
To mark the tiniest bloom that flings  
Its anchorage to the midge's wings?

It must be so! Eternity  
Hath seen thee busy to prepare  
For thy least work with endless care!  
I faint, dear God, feebly to see  
How thy great love encompassed me!

## AT EASTER

**I**S thy heart weary? Look for swift release;  
Thy Lord mounts up to ope the gates of peace!

Is thy soul sad? Lo, splashed with joyful light,  
How His sweet splendor cleaves the envious night!

Oh, what is heaven, if one glimpse like this  
Of His swift glory makes us drunk with bliss?

## GOD'S PATIENCE

**M**OST awful is thy patience, Holy Lord!  
The vitals of thy wrath, divinely poured,  
Stir not such deepening terrors in my heart  
As thy great patience. How serene thou art!  
Silent, withholding with a power divine  
Thy bolts until the dread and destined time!

## WISTFUL

**H**OW a kind look can cheer the heart  
And rouse the drooping mind!  
The grateful tears unbidden start,  
To see a face that's kind.

I wonder, from His dolorous tree  
Did my spent Savior look for me,  
Wistful to find—oh light relief!—  
One pitying look to ease His grief?

## THE CUP

SWEET Lord, I fear  
This cup of dread—  
These shames and fears,  
These toils and throes.  
Oh, give a clear  
Cool draught instead;  
I cannot drink this cup of woes!

*Thou* takest now  
The fearsome cup?—  
Thy holy lips to bless the brink!—  
Nay, lest that thou  
Shouldst drink it up,  
Give me the draught!—I drink!—I drink!

## ALOFT

THERE cometh to my soul a faint conceiving  
Of the great Good, and feebly I can guess,  
Of all the goods I know a ladder weaving  
To climb toward uncreated Loveliness.  
Fain would I rise on wings! O mighty Lover,  
Have pity where to these frail strands I cling!  
Lift me aloft, so eager to discover  
Where the dazed seraphs soar with burning wing.

## GOD'S MERCY

**F**OR all unnumbered years  
God leans from heaven and hears  
Wild laughter and dull tears.

He sees the mad excess  
Of mortal wickedness,  
Who leans from heaven to bless.

He spares us still! Oh see  
That but a God could be  
As merciful as He!

## IN THE NIGHT

**T**HE starry galaxies  
Adorn the night,  
Their splendid harmonies  
Astound the sight.  
Silent, and seeming small, the suns  
Wheel on in order bright.

My thoughts are dizzy grown  
Looking above;  
They flee to thee, my own  
And only Love.  
Thou in the white and tiny Host dost stay,  
More great, yet seeming small  
And silent still as they!

## THE HEAVENLY VINTAGE

CONSUMMATE crimson's in the west,  
Where the white hours break and die.  
Fair as the haven of the Blest  
That splendid sky!

Oh, can the sour grapes of day,  
Dying, gush out such glorious wine?  
No more I fear thy hand nor stay,  
Vintner Divine!

## THE NEED

I LOVE; but when I say I love  
That word hath turned too cold.  
My heart would dare the choirs above  
With love grown overbold—  
To learn how angels ease their heart,  
How cherubim their love impart,  
How seraphs' love is told.  
I love; and loving would be heard,  
Love seeketh speech, most sore.  
Sweet Jesu, have the heavens a word  
To tell thy true love o'er?  
Or is't the angelic art to guess  
Love from love's own rapt speechlessness?

## CHRIST PASSES

**T**HAT clear and golden glory, calm and bright,  
Which crowns the passing of some summer  
days,

Suffused the earth. 'Twas the surpassing hour  
When twilight, daughter of the night and day,  
Blends the soft loveliness of dusk and stars  
With the clear, tremulous splendor of the light;  
An exquisite moment, and as brief as fair—  
Brief, but as placid as eternity!

The long white road that led to Bethany  
Lay in that evening glory like a dream  
Of brooding peace. The very leaves were still,  
And the wide scene, so late astir with noon,  
Lay quiet and adoring. Then they came,  
Worn with their labors, from Jerusalem.

First of the twelve strode Peter—he was prone  
With longer strides to take the forward place—  
A rugged, forthright, headlong, fervid man,  
Whose eager face glowed with an inward fire.  
Hard after him came James, of calmer gaze,  
Lean, with ascetic paleness on his brow,  
But wiry as a hound, and in his look  
A lofty calm, a natural nobleness,  
Strange in a fisherman of Galilee.

Next Thomas, looking with a questing eye  
Hither and yon, a small and restless man,  
Given to brief excursions of his own



Off from the common way. Then came a group,  
The Savior in their midst; and last, alone,  
Walked Judas, with his eyes upon the dust.

But O thou sole delight of heaven and men,  
Thou cynosure of ages, thou desire  
Of every mind, but of all tongues despair!  
There are no syllables to tell thy look  
Save those that murmur in the courts of heaven,  
Where speech is music. Here we hint and fail.

A very quiet rapture of surprise  
Filled the pure mind that saw thee, for thy mien,  
Thy carriage, and thy gesture, each with each  
Were so composed, such heavenly seemliness  
Shone from thy port that he who gazed forbore  
To single any separate part for praise—  
Thy corporal vesture so became a God!  
And all thy beauty was a seemliness,  
An exquisite proportion, each with each,  
Of part with part, the body and the soul  
Most wondrously conspiring—face with form,  
Gesture with look, the matter with the mind—  
To body forth the perfect thought of God,  
And prove His plan, and show the wondering world  
The most consummate pattern of a man.  
Thence, at first glance, a general wonder took  
The startled soul. Then, as thy presence grew  
Upon the gazing eye, the gazer's soul  
Achieved the splendor of each separate part

That made thy presence lovely—how thine eye,  
Most dark and lustrous in its depths of thought,  
Gleamed love so eloquent that speech was shamed;  
How thy mild brows so beamed with majesty  
That the beholder would have fled in fear,  
Save for the rapturous sweetness of thy look,  
Which bred an absolute trust; how, thinly veiled  
Within thy holy flesh as in a shrine,  
In almost visible light, thy Godhead shone—  
Not through the eye—on the astonished soul.  
Like as in summer, through the silky cloud  
Not breaking, yet the glories of the sun  
Suffuse the sky with splendor, so there glowed  
An undiscovered glory in His port  
That made each gesture wonderful as heaven.  
Thus He came onward. John was at his side,  
A pure-eyed youth. Most eagerly he leaned  
Far over as he walked, lest any word  
The Savior spoke might scape him. He was tall,  
A noble boy, his gestures calm and few,  
And in the open ardor of his look  
Gleamed fleet resemblances to Him whose face  
Fed most the eager hunger of his eyes.  
He, by beholding, grew more like to Christ,  
Even as Mary had in Nazareth.  
Such is the look of God. It draws the good  
To be more holy.

Thus Christ's glory passed  
And left the landscape widowed.







**This book is under no circumstances to be  
taken from the Building**

[illegible]